

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

MISTO HUGH WILEY'S "LILY."

A Fo'word

Oh, mah brethren an' sistern, ah takes mah pen in han'
Fo' to issue to you all a strick comman'.
Git yo'se'f dis "Lily" book by Misto Wiley
An' yo troubles ain't no mo'; dey leaves enti'ly.
Oh, dey ain't no sense in shootin' out yo brains
'Cause yo finds de worl' a place o' aches an' pains.
Whut's mo', if yo pines to breathe yo final breath
It's a lot mo' fun to laff yo'se'f to death!

B. De People (an' Animiles) in de Book.

1. De Wilecat.

I'm Memphis Ten-o-see
Dis ganglin' darky hale,
A-singin' songs (though he
Sho ain't no nightingale).

Yit though he ain't no bird
De music's jest as sweet;
And makes yo ('pon mah word!)
Start wigglin' o' yo feet.

And when he sings o' dice
Yo fingers caint control
Theirse'f; has you de price
You prom'ly shoots de roll!

Dice! Baby needs new shoes!
Ah wants cooperation!
Dice, does yo bring good news
Ah holds a celebration!

* * *

In Paradise he'll yell
Like dat when he is daid
(Perhaps ah ought to spell
Dat Pair-o'-dice, instaid!)

2. Gimlet.

De Wilecat's frien', de kin' o' boy
Dat folks had bestes' not annoy,
'Cause Gimlet got a tempuh mean
An' cut yo body f'm yo bean
Does you annoy him in de leas'.
Den ca'mly he proceeds to feas'
Upon yo livuh, which he smudders
Wid onions. . . So beware him, brudders!
A faker (Honeytone) whut dast
To rob him nearly breathed his last
When Gimlet chased him wid a knife
Don't vex him is you fond o' life!

3. Lily.

Dis famous goat am fragrant; she
Am therefore a smellebrity.
She's on a metal diet—chews
Nothin' but cans, bolts, nails and screws.

4. De Mule.

Fo' champeen grouch dis beas' I's pickin';
'Cause allus, allus he's a-kickin'.

We'd like to tell you about some of the other characters in this joyous new book that Hugh Wiley has written—(fo' 'tain't hardly fair to pass up widout no comment sech folk as Cap'n Jack Demmytass an' dem others)—but we lack the space.

"Blah" is one of the favorite words of the flappers, and it is this that leads us to think that Hugh Wiley's "Lily" is a flapper goat. . . . Though, when Lily uses the expression Mr. Wiley spells it "Blaa-a!"

Speaking again of the odorous "Lily," she is a worthy addition to American smelles lettres.

LONDON LITRY LETTER.

(Special to THE BOOK FACTORY.)

We refuse to believe that the dialogues of Soc, the hemlock drinker; Plato, the broad shouldered highbrow, and the rest of their gang were any better than the Sunday night palavers at the home of Walter de la Mare. A few Sundays ago J. D. Beresford was interlocutor, and your correspondent was Bones, while discussion raged as to man's capacity for perfection, the roots of the artistic impulse and whether poems would be written in heaven. De la Mare was inclined to believe at first that poems wouldn't be written in heaven.

but one of the company, a combination football expert and metaphysician (you find 'em only in England, and praise be to England for that) by a chain of logic that we wouldn't attempt to repeat without at least a gallon of ale, forced him to admit at last that they would.

Jonathan Cape, the enterprising and discriminating English publisher (he publishes your correspondent's novels) publishes a house magazine which he calls "Now and Then," and subscribers must pay two shillings a year. Among those to whom he sent application forms was H. G. Wells. The form reads: "Enclosed is two shillings. Please send," &c. And Uncle Jonathan tells us it came back from H. G. duly signed but with the "two shillings enclosed" part crossed out and an arrow beside it leading to the rebuking word "Check!" in the margin. And if we were an English citizen we'd certainly have voted for H. G., who stood for Parliament, on the strength of that.

"Read Babbitt" is the message that twinkles pleasantly from a big electric sign in Piccadilly Circus. And now that we have had a deadhead copy and have read

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OUR WORLD

By the Book Factory Man

THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

By EDWARD ANTHONY

Author of "Merry-Go-Roundelays," etc.

YOU can make a single hit by giving this book to some boy or girl; you can make that double by reading it to him, her or them—in which case you will find in the story all manner of sub-surface stimulations for yourself.

It would be a breach of confidence to tell in this public place what the story of "The Pussycat Princess" is, but it may be stated with all due propriety that it centers upon a kitten of royal degree who petitioned her father for permission to go forth into the world to see whatever fortune by way of adventure she could find. And she found considerable—oh, very considerable. Remarkably illustrated with 32 full-page pictures. (Price \$2.50).

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Author of "Invincible Minnie"

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